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*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

**T**HREE is a sad interest in the fact that the two men who have done most for the excellence and the reputation of American literature, Henry W. Longfellow and Ralph Waldo Emerson, died within a few weeks of each other.

Both were held in peculiar love and reverence, at home and abroad; and the fame of each was without stain or taint.

One was preëminently a poet; the other a philosopher: but however different they were in mental constitution and literary methods, they were alike in pureness of heart and life, in modesty, gentleness and quiet strength, and in those homely virtues which make the sublimity of simple life.

Longfellow was the sweeter singer, whose song touched the universal heart; but Emerson was the rarer genius. He was a philosopher, but a poet too, and a moralist.

Emerson, the man and the writer, was unique, and everything relating to him was characteristic. There has been

no American so difficult to explain and classify. His mental character, his methods of thought, his whole philosophy of life, are exceptional. His was a purely personal force. Few men have stood so entirely on the inherent powers and possibilities of the soul, making naught of circumstances.

For forty years Emerson mystified all the critics. Hack reviewers, accustomed to hasty and superficial criticism, could make nothing of him; and, unable to understand him, they passed him by with a sneer. Even honest, thoughtful men found the chemistry at their command incompetent to solve his crystallized sentences, and were unable to find order and harmony in his chaos of ideas.

But earnest study has not been without result; and it has been found that when Emerson's point of view is discovered all his teachings resolve themselves into unity and harmony.

We will attempt to indicate the chief characteristics of the man and his writings, neither attacking nor defending his teachings, but simply interpreting them.

(1). Individualism, loyalty to self in its highest moods, is the key-note of Emerson's mental character. Everything must sound in harmony with this. Again and again he reiterates the declaration, "Nothing is at last sacred to me but the integrity of my own soul." Whether Emerson remained a Pantheist or a Transcendentalist, or became an Idealist, or a Christian Mystic, no lightest fetter was ever allowed to rest on his individuality. Everywhere we find such sentences as these: "Insist on yourself; never imitate." "Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to this iron string." "Nothing can bring you peace but yourself."

The sovereignty of the individual soul was to him the most sublime of truths. He had superlative trust in the moral intuitions, in the powers of the living soul, in the capacity for inspiration. "Ineffable is the union," he writes, "of man and God in every act of the soul."

Emerson believed in men as individuals, and looked to personal education for the overthrow of slavery, war, gam-

bling, vice, intemperance. After all speech-making and conventions, reform must come from the purification of the individual soul. And so he never enrolled himself under the banner of any partisan organization. All sorts of sects and *isms* stretched out their hands to him; but he put them gently by, and kept his state. He desired to be calmly and unassumingly independent. He made no flourish of breaking with society; he did his duty as a man and citizen, but never risked the sacredness of private integrity by pledging himself to party or faction. He believed, too, that in loyalty to one's own mental perceptions lies the secret of all true thinking; that genius itself consists in believing the inspiration of one's own thought. "Speak your latent conviction," he says, "and it shall be the universal sense." If, without pride and without deceit, a man speak the simple and natural thoughts of his heart, his words will appeal to all men. This, says Emerson, is the highest merit of Moses and Plato and Milton, "that they set at nought books and traditions, and spoke not what men, but what they, thought." Emerson was not a hero-worshipper; he taught that books, and works of art, and heroes, are not for our imitation, but for our inspiration. Imitation is suicide, and a man must take himself, for better, for worse, as his portion. Above everything else, Emerson emphasizes individual character. Towering above all that a man says or does, stands the thing he *is*. And here we reach the heights of Emerson's Individualism, the summit of his philosophy. Character is the prime result of all aspiration and enthusiasm, of all labor and joy and pain. "Life only avails, and not the having lived." All life results in character, and character is destiny.

(2.) Nothing is more characteristic of Emerson than his worship of the beautiful. This was, with him, not a mere feeling, but almost a religious sentiment. Love of beauty dominated alike his philosophy and his religious opinions. "How near," he exclaims, "what is beautiful comes to being

what is good." Worship of the beautiful, whether in art, nature, or the human soul, runs like a golden thread through all the warp and woof of his writings. Yet it is worthy of emphasis that his love of beauty had an ethical rather than an aesthetic significance. It was related to the stern beauty of the mountain crags, the higher beauty of friendship, of virtue, of heroism. The ease, and culture, and beauty, which Emerson concerned himself for, have moral qualities and significance, and stand related to character.

Emerson never dealt with vile or uncomely subjects. He instinctively avoided all mention of distempers, vice and disease; not from any weak squeamishness, but because he believed that beauty is the normal and healthful state of the universe. He never railed or complained, was never heated or flurried, believing that life is to be serene and beautiful. But there was no weakness here, no affectation, no display. Though rare, there is such a thing as strength without noise or self-assertion. A near neighbor wrote of him: "Only a traveler, at times professionally, he prefers home-keeping; is a student of the landscape, of mankind, of rugged strength wherever found; liking plain persons, plain ways, plain clothes; prefers earnest people; shuns egotists, publicity; likes solitude, and knows its uses." His mind was marked by a severe Puritan simplicity, which forbids any charge of sentimentalism, in regard to beauty.

(3.) "Transcendentalism is personified in Emerson," says a reviewer in the *Nation*. Probably it is true that Emerson is best known as the seer of New England Transcendentalism, and his memory will remain indissolubly connected with that philosophy. Transcendentalism, "certainly the greatest movement of the first half of this century," in America, is already a thing of the past; but no estimate of Emerson would be complete without a consideration of his relations to the Transcendental movement.

Transcendentalism, or Idealism, is no modern novelty of thought; "it is the oldest and proudest of human philoso-

phies," which we can trace back through "the despairing nobility of Roman stoicism," through the Neo-Platonists, through Plato, to the earliest records of India.

Emerson, in his idealistic cast of mind, resembled Plato more than any other modern thinker has done, but his thought had a distinctive American character. Emerson was no vague dreamer, but was marked by sharp common sense.

In his hands Transcendentalism had less vagueness and mistiness than European or Oriental idealists thought. It is less than just to judge a master by the excesses of his followers. That Transcendentalism, like the more modern aestheticism, degenerated into extravagant absurdities, is undeniable; but nothing of this appeared in Emerson's words or actions. He was a mystic, but with the shrewd common sense of the sternest naturalist; he believed in the supremacy of the moral intuitions and exalted insight above authority, yet held himself fast by the intellect. He trusted the genius of his times. He was an American, and believed in the nation and the national spirit. "That is good," he says, "which commends me to my country, my climate, my means and materials, my associates." He emphasized right living in each present moment; every day is doomsday; and the use of history is to give value to the present hour and its duty. He declared that the transcendent spiritual principles are hidden in the commonplace details of life, so that out of the ordinary facts of life, "out of love and hatred, out of earnings, and borrowings, and lendings, and losses, out of sickness and pain, out of wooing and worshiping, out of traveling, and voting, and watching, and caring, out of disgrace and contempt, comes our tuition in the serene and beautiful laws."

If he was a Transcendentalist he was no visionary, but a strong, practical, active man, who knew his times, perhaps, better than any man of the day, and stood abreast of them.

(4.) Emerson was a poet-philosopher—"not a philosopher only, he stood rather on the height where poetry and philosophy meet." Mr. Arnold has said that the highest poetry consists in "criticism of life;" and it is on this plane that Emerson's poetry and philosophy meet. Both are, in the highest sense, "criticism of life."

As a poet, Emerson was marked by severe simplicity of versification, by directness and by calmness. His verse shows little command of metre. Like Burns', it is but "an hamely, rustic jingle;" but in this humble setting flash everywhere pure diamonds of thought. He had great ideas to impart, and he knew the worth of a simple vehicle of communication.

And yet withal, there is a strange fascination in the chaste simplicity of Emerson's verse. There is about it "a flavor of the wild strawberry, a fragrance of the wild rose." He writes,

*"I hung my verses in the wind,  
All were winnowed through and through,"*

and ever afterward the verses were redolent of the scent of the meadows and pine woods, and echoed the low and fitful music of the winds swaying the grain fields and rustling among the trees. And, then, there is a terse directness in his verse, which suggests the strength and quaintness of early Anglo-Saxon poetry. Some of Emerson's poems, as "The Problem," are unsurpassed in this character of instantaneousness.

Though possessing rare and tender pathos, Emerson's poetry is intellectual rather than emotional. He has rarely touched upon the great themes, love and passion, considered the poet's especial property. All the great poets, it is said, have been furious lovers; but this man was a poet after Plato's own heart, a poet of the soul, unruffled by passion or sense.

(5.) Emerson's literary methods were as characteristic as his teachings. No man has compressed so much meaning

into so few words. His style is condensed, to the verge of abruptness, and his writings show the immense capacity of the language for expression. It has been said that in all literature no man has better fulfilled that aspiration of Joubert's, "to put a whole book into a page, a whole page into a phrase, and that phrase into a word." Every word is the right word, and every sentence would form a striking quotation.

There are books for facts and books for inspiration: Emerson's writings are of the latter class. Their chief value is their stimulating power. His thought is electrical—inspiring rather than informing; and his words have a rare fascination, calling the reader to them again and again. It is their worth that they beget an enthusiasm for thought.

Emerson never argued, but simply affirmed—and this not arbitrarily, but oracularly. He looked into human life with the insight of genius and high character, and declared what he saw. This is his whole method. He spoke his "latent conviction," believing that it would prove "the universal sense."

Emerson was a severe worker, and he had the true genius' reverence for toil. He lived for thought, worked incessantly as a thinker and writer, and we have his whole history and biography in his essays. "God offers to every mind," he says, "its choice between truth and repose;" but when one chooses repose instead of truth,—then dies the man in him. Emerson never preferred repose to truth.

(6.) A few concluding observations: There have been broader men than Emerson; few whose words were more worth attention. His range was narrow, but his skies were of the loftiest. His insight was so great as to amount to genius; but he had no power of coördination, and consequently has founded no school, either in literature or philosophy. He was not a doctrinal Christian; his philosophy was often false; but it may be justly said of him that he vindicated the majesty of the soul and the moral excellence

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and significance of beauty. He taught and exemplified "plain living and high thinking." His genius was of the rarest, his character of the highest, his life of the purest. His greatest praise is this, that he exalted simple manhood, and believed in men.

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*The Mysticism of Hawthorne.*

THERE are thoughts in the human mind too broad to be expressed in words, principles so universal that an attempt to state them is invariably but an application of them to a special case. Yet we are all conscious of these truths, we feel their efficacy in all our intellectual impulses, and to a certain extent we can analyze them. But, when we come to enclose them within the narrow boundaries of language, we find that we can include but a small portion of any one of them, while a large residuum stretches away beyond us, baffling us in our utmost endeavors. How, then, can man communicate with his fellows in regard to these thoughts which they have in common? This is a difficulty which Nathaniel Hawthorne has met in a wonderful way in the mysticisms which pervade his works. He uses language not as a vehicle of the complete idea, but as a medium through which we can look into a larger world beyond. As the astronomer adjusts his telescope with the greatest nicety in reference to a particular star, and then bids you look through, so Hawthorne arranges his words and sentences and bids you look through at the idea beyond. It is this which casts a mystic glamour over all his productions and makes it necessary for the reader to put himself in a certain disposition toward his works in order to appreciate them. Let us consider Donatello as the Faun and compare him with Dickens' Mr. Skimpole. Truly, they are much alike in their child-like simplicity and joyous irresponsibility.

The "Faun" and the "child" both have a redundancy of animal spirits, both love luxury and the softer beauties of Nature. But there is a difference. Looking at them from the ordinary stand-point, Mr. Skimpole is, if anything, the finer literary creation of the two; but, searching behind the mere fixture presented in Donatello, we see man in the first stage of his history, fresh from the hand of his Creator, simple and sinless. With what a brilliant yet tender light is the whole picture permeated, when we thus consider it. It reminds us of the pictured windows in the old Gothic churches.

Mr. Hawthorne said: It is the special excellence of pictured glass that the light which falls merely on the outside of other pictures is here interfused throughout the work, illuminating the design and investing it with a living radiance. The light in which we view most other literature emanates from our own minds, while it is the peculiar excellence of Hawthorne's works that the light comes from a source far above us and shines down through the author's words and characters into our souls. Then, with Donatello as a medium, how the history of man is opened to us! We see the temptation and the fall, the remorse and repentance, the dawning intelligence and intellectual birth, till we are tempted to ask, with Miriam, "Was it not a means of education, bringing a simple and imperfect nature to a point of feeling and intelligence which it could have reached in no other way?" We can show the same analogy and distinction between Esther Summerson of "*Bleak House*," and Hilda in "*The Marble Faun*." They both have high and noble characters full of love and simple purity, but through Hilda's character the author seems to give us sight of the higher principle of love. In the light of the Virgin's lamp, we see that high devotion to an abstract principle, we see love that when deceived can hate and condemn and still seem love.

In Septimus Felton we are made conscious of great laws by seeing the results of breaking them. We see the finite-

ness of human wisdom and manhood wrecked by intellectual self-sufficiency, which would escape the positive laws of Nature and the moral laws of God. How clearly do we see that the desire of the heart is man's greatest curse! Septimus, seeking his elixir of life, closed his heart to all fellow mortals, and lived for himself. Groping after what was forbidden, he found himself enveloped in an atmosphere of indifference to everything but his unholy search, from which he could not escape, while Sybil Dacy settled in his heart like a cold incubus, checking its every throb. Both Septimus Felton and Sybil Dacy are examples of intellectual ruin, from the idolatrous worship of a single idea. And then the cold elixir; do we not see through the weird light of its crystal clearness that endless life, which is death? Through Pearl, that wild flower sprung from sinful passion, we see that great law of God, that the iniquity of the fathers is visited upon the children. This same law is brought out in Clifford Pyncheon, in "The House of Seven Gables." This mysticism of Hawthorne is shown in the relationships which he establishes between his characters. For instance, the passive sort of terms upon which Coverdale stood to Zenobia and Priscilla, so dream-like that he could not tell why he had the right to pry into all their actions, and endeavor to fathom their motives. There was nothing tangible, but the connection is real. But the magnetism of Hollingsworth over these two women is most remarkable; yet we know it is real, for we, ourselves, feel its power. This magnetism, the product of an indomitable will, cannot be expressed in words. The author may tell us that it exists, but to appreciate it we must read between the lines in the description of the man's whole bearing. In the character of the "Model," in "The Marble Faun," with his dark hold upon Miriam and Westervelt, in the "Blithedale Romance," with Zenobia in his power, we symbolized secret sins, those dark, mysterious forces, unknown to our friends, and which we, ourselves,

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would ignore if we could, which meet us at every turn of life, and influence all our actions. These secret sins, which now lead us deeper into iniquity, and are now starting up to terrify us by their heinousness. Thus we see how rich in thought is this element of mysticism which conveys to us the deepest and most sacred sentiments of the writer. Hawthorne's works, without their mysticism, would differ from them as they are, as the Parisian Parthenon differs from the Parthenon of Athens—the same, but different—corresponding in every essential measurement, but lacking the grace, richness of outline, and all that makes the beauty which symbolizes truth.

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### *Short Stories.*

LITERATURE could never support its own weight were it not for the story. The books of Moses would be bleak and cold without the pathetic story of Joseph and his brethren. Ever since, Literature has groaned with its own heaviness when it has not been buoyed up by allegory or fable. The verdict of the coroner over many a defunct literary journal has been, "too much erudition." Stories are at a premium with magazine editors. To every periodical, in fact, the short story is as essential as the little poem up at the corner of the page. The first number of *The Atlantic Monthly* would have been millstoned to the bottom of the sea had it not been for "Jet's Christmas Box," by Miss Spofford. This story, with "In a Cellar," by the same author, is the ideal of journalists. Yet it is seldom that any great genius lingers long in the charmed circle of the story-teller. Irving is the only author of importance who established his reputation by short sketches. Hawthorne's tales were twice told before he published any longer

work, but his reputation was not made till he had published "The Scarlet Letter." Mrs. Stowe's reputation rests upon her novels, though some of her most charming productions are novelettes.

If the story writer is successful, at once it is inquired whether the author is capable of sustained effort. The story-teller may treat of a holiday passion, but the novelist shows that the strength of passion is not conquered by time or events. The story writer may give the first and last chapters, which are, doubtless, the best; but it is in the intervening chapters that the novelist shows greatest power of characterization. The novelist has more facts from which to draw his inductions, and hence his conclusions are more satisfactory. This may explain why Dickens always fails when he attempts to be brief. Hawthorne knew the difficulty of creating characters in a short story, and so did not attempt it. He took his men and women for granted, and placed them before us in such a light as to reveal only the marked features of their characters. But, in his longer stories, he lays bare every secret nerve and fiber of the heart.

Many of our best story-tellers aid the progress of the narrative by making the narrator an integral part of the story. The writer thus begins with a known quantity, and plays what part he may please. In Poe's "Gold Bug," the narrator is little more than an eye-witness of the marvelous folding and unfolding of events. While, in "The Children of the Republic," by E. E. Hale, the narrator is a simple minded man, with a heart always overflowing with gratitude for the world's kindness. One of those unsophisticated men, whom story-writers introduce as often as they can, always gracefully, make themselves the hero of their own story. There is a satisfaction in the *quorum-pars-magna-fui* narrative. There is no less pleasure in listening to the story-teller, who is entirely independent of the action, and who judges impartially, offering us a dozen possible explana-

tions for every discrepancy. In this manner, Hawthorne offers us so many various fancies to bridge over our doubts, that we lose sight of them before we know it.

In our grandfather's days, they would gather by the fireside, in the evenings, and tell stories of ghosts and witches. But you may travel a long ways, now-a-nights, and meet none of this shadowy race. It seems to be extinct. Of course the whole race were excommunicated from literature as soon as they were expelled from the fireside. Dickens celebrated the last ghost. Men who would find out the marvelous, to light up the interest of a tale, do not now walk in the darkness, beside old, deserted houses, in the search of strange spectres and hob goblins. Our modern story-tellers—alas, for their impudence—go out into the highways and hedges, in broad day light, and having found some peculiar specimen of humanity, and having, in their notion, somewhat improved on the work of the original creator, he is at once compelled to follow the long procession of odd, eccentric beings which are marching every year through our magazines. How ungracious to humanity, you say! But the story-teller has his share of the misfortune. No one has more sincere cause to mourn for the ghosts. For those people with whom they now have to deal, though they are very peculiar, yet they are so matter-of-fact, so utilitarian, so practical, they will not try to jump or fly, but persist in trudging along on the ground. So that the story-tellers find them, sometimes, well-nigh intractable. How different from the people and ghosts with whom Samuel Lover, the Irish ballad-maker and story-writer, had to manage! Those Hibernians, aided by Irish superstition, could leap over almost any chasm of improbability, into the most ridiculous perplexities, and then, aided by the same superstition, they would make another tremendous leap, and "he had jumped into another bush and scratched them in again."

Hawthorne, seeing that ghosts could never thrive in the cold, clear-cut moonlight of New England, introduced in

their stead the supernatural in the mental and spiritual world. But alas, his mysticism is as intangible as our fore-father's ghosts.

There is still another grievance to our story-tellers as sore as the loss of the ghosts. The utilitarian spirit of the times demand that if these human creatures are to take the place of ghosts, that at least the story shall carry along with it some weighty moral as a recompense. Some of our story-tellers have been terribly frightened by this imperious spirit of the times. It is feared that poor Miss Edgeworth was so alarmed, that she has so loaded the frail vehicle of fiction with heavy morals as to break it entirely down. There can be no doubt, at least, that there has been a violent and serious strain of the intrigue to suit the moral.

Notwithstanding all that has been said, there can be no doubt that all our lives, even in these practical utilitarian times, are not without many strange and clever happenings. Society will be bleak and barren indeed when there are no stories to tell. No, no, our days shall still pass as a tale that is told, and the zest of living shall be the telling of it.

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*Love's Return.*

IN a spot of glad green grass  
Where the moonlight shadows pass—  
Wandering and swooning through  
Tangled branches bright with dew—  
Met we once with many tears.  
Sometime in the rushing years—  
Sometime at the close of day—  
Met and buried Love away.  
Buried our dead Love and then  
Kissed and turned away again,  
To the jangling ways of men.

## II.

Through places strange my path has led,  
By open graves and sheeted dead—  
Through places dim and desolate,  
Chill with the awful breath of Fate—  
And faces mocked me, pale with pain,  
Their smiling faces swept again  
On by the driven wind and rain.  
Through strange dim places I have gone  
And found but woe, and woe alone.

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And thou amongst the ways of men  
Hast thou found anything but pain?  
Thy fair, pale lips, thine eyelids wan,  
Speak of the way thy feet have gone.

## III.

Let us turn backward through the years  
And find the grave we wet with tears.  
In that faint spot of glad green grass,  
Where wandering shadows come and pass,  
Join hands above the grave and bid  
Sweet Love rise smiling from the dead.  
And hand in hand go forth again  
Together through the ways of men.

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*The Salvation Army.*

IT IS of profound interest to every Christian body to define the religious position of the Salvationists, their relation to the several denominations and their influence upon society. Their prominence and signal success has, singularly enough, failed to call forth any very decided expression of opinion from theologians.

The organization of the Salvationists is a novelty of the newest kind for a religious body. It is entirely military. The army is divided into "divisions," or departments, each

with its commanding major. These "divisions" are again sub-divided into corps, commanded by captains, each of whom is assisted by two lieutenants. Their exercises consist in services held to the number of 6,200 per week, with not less than eighteen hours spent by each officer in visitation of the "Host." These exercises are commonly conducted in some prominent place of public resort, and are frequently accompanied with street processions and services. Upon these occasions they invariably sing their stirring hymns. Such, in brief, are the regular exercises of the Salvationists.

The whole organization is under a most able management, as is attested by their remarkable success. No sooner is a convert made than, without distinction of age or sex, he or she is required to take a front seat, where, with a great "S" conspicuously sewed upon the back of the collar, amid the jests and gibes, jeers it may be, of a vulgar audience, he must rise and announce the salvation of his soul. He must at once renounce the use of liquor, and assume the duties of a soldier under an authority as absolute as that of the Czar of Russia. In order to avoid any local attraction, or the indulgence of any sentiment, each officer is subject to change of corps every six months.

The question naturally arises, how does this organization come to exist and flourish, directly antagonistic, as it is, in its methods to all our views of religious reverence? Alarming as it may seem, it is a fact stated upon no less an authority than the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, that there are not sufficient churches and chapels in all London, with a maximum of three services each a day, and a minimum allowance of attendance at one service on Sundays to each individual, to seat over 900,000 persons out of a population of nearly 4,000,000; or, in other words, about one-fourth of the population. In such deplorable circumstances as these, the need of some such movement looking toward the propagation of the Gospel is most apparent.

This may, perhaps, be said to be the main argument in favor of it, and certainly whatever may be its defects, whatever its tendencies, for this reason, if for no other, it appeals most powerfully to every professing Christian. Another strong point, however, is that it not only enjoins, but requires total abstinence from the use of intoxicating drinks, and regards the use of tobacco with scarcely less repugnance. In this it receives countenance and support from those who would condemn it upon religious grounds. It stands thus upon the common platform of every religious denomination. They inculcate no doctrine, and disown all discussion of controverted points as being "the very poison of hell."

Now these facts speak for themselves. They need no enlargement. We come next to consider graver questions in their system, and first and foremost among them we should notice the manner in which they bring the truths of the Bible before the public. They are firm believers in the doctrine that the end justifies the means, and in this belief they have accomplished what, as Frances Power Cobbe says, seemed almost impossible—in introducing rowdyism into religion. They claim that, as one hears but heeds not the perpetual ticking of a clock, so the world has grown indifferent to the continued efforts of persuasive eloquence, and that a more efficient means for compelling attention must be adopted.

In accordance with this belief, their processions are marked by the singularity of their appearance and dress, while their halls resound with the hysterical shouts of the "saved," the braying of horns, and the squeaking of fifes. It serves a purpose—it draws a crowd, but it is inconceivable how the cause of religion is to be forwarded by the rumbling of drums and squeaking of fifes.

It is shocking, beyond measure, to hear Elijah spoken of as a jolly old man, who "was carried up to Heaven in a fiery van," and of our Lord as being "always in a row." It

is a mistaken notion to suppose that the vulgar are to be reached by "grotesque or irreverent phraseology." Associate the pure and holy with the base and unholy, and you reduce them to the level of the latter. The army employs, besides its organs, the "*War Cry*," and "*Little Soldier*," filled with articles bearing such titles as "*Jumbo and Jesus*," a most remarkable means of publication for a religious body, which should, above all things, aim to preserve a reasonable show of dignity. Booth, in his directions to the army, gives the following instructions: "Make your bills and posters striking in what you say on them, &c. They can be carried on an umbrella, on a man's hat; around his person, like a church-bell, with his head out at the top and his feet at the bottom; on a monster box, pushed by a man or drawn by a monkey; or in ten thousand different forms,—invent for yourselves." Such a plan, it seems, needs but to be named to be condemned. What could be more undignified! What more in contrast to the method pursued by Our Lord and His Holy Apostles, whom they profess to follow! Another imminent danger is that they assign no place to private devotion,—on the contrary, everything must be done in the blaze of day. Hence, their tendency is, to become hypocritical. Their method is fraught with the evil consequences which result from an imaginary repentance, under the influence of an abnormal excitement. This, indeed, is the danger of every religious revival. The seed falls thick upon a soil that is too thin to support its growth. For a while, it springs up vigorously, but soon withers and dies.

They lay no broad foundation of doctrine or education upon which the convert may build his faith; and yet they not only do not recommend their connection with some Church, but exhort them to spend all their spare time with the Army. There are few who trust without evidence. Certainly, no belief is worth anything which is not an intelligent belief. If the officers and soldiers are scattered over the land to expound a Gospel, of which they themselves

have no adequate understanding, who, indeed, can say in what it may result?

Much more might be said against them; but enough. With all their faults they are believed to be doing a good work. It is acknowledged in London that they have put a great check upon immorality; that the number of public houses is growing less, and some quarters where, but a short time ago, it was dangerous to walk in broad daylight, have been rendered comparatively peaceable through the agency of the Salvation Army. Its success is acknowledged on all hands, and, notwithstanding the adverse newspaper notices of it, it has the good will of many influential persons, and among them the Archbishop, the Bishop of London, Earl Cairns, the Lord Mayor of London, the City Chamberlain. Undoubtedly, it has done harm in some places along with the good. When its more prominent defects have been remedied, then, indeed, we may rest our fears for its results.

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*Aunt Peggy's Pin Cushion.*

FAIR FOREST is one of those model towns—not unfrequent in our Middle States—in which a simple and elegant social order prevails. A better place to spend a vacation could not be found. Essie Barrington did not think so. It was a pleasant home to her in the winter; but as the chief ambition of her life was social triumph, it is not strange that she sought freedom during the summer from the severe reprisals of society. Her brother, Joe Barrington, was anxious, for some reason, that Essie should spend one vacation at home. Perhaps it was because he was compelled to do so himself, as he could not be spared from his

father's office : or because he thought his parents and friends would enjoy it. More likely Carrie Hamilton had something to do with his obstinate opposition ; for, when Essie was at home, Carrie was always with her. Yet Joe, evidently, did not like this, for, whenever she called, he would take his hat, greatly to the annoyance of his more polite sister, and suggest that it was about time for her to go home. Or, let us credit Joe with the best of hearts, and say that he liked to have his sister at home for her own sake. However this may be, he plead that she ought to remain at home one vacation, at least, as she had been away every summer since she had worn long dresses. Joe had a vivid imagination, for Essie had been away only three summers, and was now, as he said on another occasion, "nearly old enough to vote !" Essie agreed not to go far away that summer. She would only visit some cousins at Clarksburg. However, Joe was not satisfied with the compromise. So he and Carrie Hamilton threw their heads and hearts together to bring her home. They would write her a glowing account of the concert which the students were about to give, and suggest that perhaps Tom Brownlee would sing.

People flock to the springs at Clarksburg, from many parts of the Union, making a motley society. The people of the town, however, maintain a simple and uniform elegance of manner. It was among these that Miss Barrington was making friends; but not so many as she usually made wherever she went. There was no room for many friends where one was taking so much of her thought and time. She was sitting with this friend one evening, when she received a letter from her brother Joe. When she had read it, she turned to this friend and said :

"The college students are going to give a concert at Fair Forest, and brother Joe says that you will probably sing."

"I do not sing with the boys any more," remarked Brownlee ; "I am saving my music for ears more sympathetic."

"If you are so afraid of a Fair Forest audience," said Essie, laughing, "why, then, did you sing for me last evening?"

"Did I sing for you last night? I did not sing that tune. It just sung itself."

Miss Barrington had no thought of going home for a concert. "Brother Joe" did not know against what odds he was fighting. He thought that, perhaps, a telegram might bring her. But Carrie Hamilton remonstrated against his alarming her. Joe modified his dispatch, however, and told Carrie that it would not frighten his sister home, but that he had great faith in what curiosity would lead a woman to do.

When a dispatch came to Clarksburg for Miss Barrington, she was at first alarmed to receive a telegram from home, but only looked puzzled as she read aloud :

FAIR FOREST, July 9th, 1881.

DEAR ESSIE,—Something may happen soon that you will be sorry to miss.

BROTHER JOE.

At last, as if suddenly catching glimpses of words between the lines, she excitedly exclaimed, "I know what he means! It is just like brother Joe. He always said he would surprise us all. Why else should he want me at home this summer? It is just like Joe. He and Carrie will be married."

"But," suggested Tom, "he would tell you if that were the case, would he not?"

"Who knows," replied Essie, "what he will do? He has such a dislike for what he calls 'fussing.' He says that I squander enough emotion and physical vitality in saying good-bye to Carrie to run a mission school for two years. It is just like Joe, to get married without telling anyone."

It was the next morning, when Joe Barrington was riding with Carrie Hamilton, that she told him what a puzzling

note she had received from Essie: "My dear Cai,—It will be a sweet surprise."

"Why, then, she is coming home," said Joe; "but she ought not to flatter herself that it will surprise us all so pleasantly."

"Perhaps," Carrie answered, "Tom Brownlee may have something to do with the surprise."

"At any rate," said Joe, "I guess she is coming. We will meet her at the train."

"But I will let it surprise them at home."

Essie Barrington could not think of her brother marrying so dear a girl without some demonstration being made worthy of the occasion. She was alternately joyous and wretched. She was happy to have her friend "Cai." for a sister, but sorry that it should be so unceremonious. She telegraphed to her parents, with an injunction of secrecy, in order that they might be prepared for the surprise. Mr. and Mrs. Barrington were only too glad that their son should choose one who was already like a child to them. The tables would be turned. Joe would not be less surprised than themselves. Preparations went on as quietly as possible. Presents were ready at hand. Servants were busy throughout the house. They whispered to each other that Mr. Barrington must be expecting grand visitors. Why else should he prepare such an elegant room? But old Peggy McGriffin could not be deceived, and took the first opportunity to show how knowing she was. She stopped to chat a few minutes with the servants down at Mr. Hamilton's, in the hope of seeing the "young Miss." She was not unsuccessful. It was a profound bow with which she greeted Miss Carrie, as much as to say, "Yes, I know all about it."

"Aunt Peggy knows a few things as I guess she hadn't order tell."

"Well, then, don't tell them, Aunt Peggy," said Carrie.

"Well, as I guess ye knows, it hardly makes no difference what I tells ye."

"Why, certainly, Aunt Peggy, it is not necessary to tell me what I know."

"Well, as ye know, I's been workin' and scrubbin' this whole blessed day up there, and I's seen something as will s'prise ye, I guess."

"And so you have worked hard all day, have you, Aunt Peggy? Then you are tired."

"Why, bless yer heart, dear child, if I ain't stiffer nor a board. I could be tellin' ye a pretty story, but I reckon I dar'sent."

"There is no harm in telling pretty stories, Aunt Peggy, if they be true."

"What d'ye s'pose, then, that blessed woman up there has made for ye, all of velvet, and stuck it all around with pins, so as to spell yer names, 'Carrie and Joe?' It tuk a sight of care to stick them pins in so. But I guess I hadn't orter—"

"No, you ought not to make up such a story as that, Aunt Peggy." And Carrie left.

But how strange, thought she, that that old gossip should elaborate such a myth, in so short a time, from her own conjectures. How Joe would enjoy it! But for some maidenly reason she did not mention it to him.

It was a fine summer afternoon. The best livery in town brought Joe and Carrie up in front of Mr. Barrington's office. As the driver checked up, Joe told his father that he might possibly bring a friend home with him. Carrie and he had a notion, for some reason, that Essie might come home that evening, and Joe considered it best that they should be ready. He thought this message definite enough.

"Yes," thought Mr. Barrington, too. "It is plain enough." He had sometimes been skeptical as to the whole

affair, but now there could be no mistake. "He will bring a friend home."

That was a busy afternoon to the Barrington family. Essie received a telegram at Clarksburg, "Come home." It needed no explanation. Joe had planned a long drive that afternoon. The day was favorable. He had determined never to come home till he and Miss Hamilton understood each other. This was no simple thing to accomplish in one afternoon, as Joe well knew from many futile attempts in the past.

Carrie was in jubilant spirits that afternoon. This was not at all favorable to Joe's enterprise. His thoughts were clinging to the unspeakable, only waiting for a favorable moment. This moment rarely comes. At least it did not seem so to Joe, and he determined to speak. But he was pale, his lips were dry, and his voice was doleful, in spite of his effort to put spirit into its tones, as he began :

"Carrie, I thought I ought to tell you,—that is, rather, I thought you ought to know—"

Here he paused, both to prevent his voice from giving alarm, and because he did not know how to go on. How perverse women are at this most trying moment of a man's life. An understanding look would have helped Joe wonderfully. But Carrie Hamilton never seemed so far off, never so little "Cai," and so much "Miss Hamilton."

"Why, it appears to me," said he, driven away off into circumlocution by her apparent coldness, "it appears to me that a woman ought to be skilled in some sort of higher mathematics, by which she could solve the problem of how much—that is, she ought to have some kind of a philometer by which she could tell how much a man loves her."

"If she had, she would be a wretched creature," answered Miss Hamilton, almost sullenly.

"Wretched, because men cared so much for her?" questioned Joe, skeptically.

"I suppose so," laughed Carrie.

"Carrie, if you have such a standard, just try me. I'm at your mercy."

"Don't be foolish, Joe," and Carrie looked out over the fields, and said something of the view, which told Joe that she was anxious to change the subject.

Just here Joe gave a signal, which he had arranged with the driver, in case of an emergency, to lose the road. He was not, just yet, ready to go home. It was not discovered, however, till an hour later, that they were lost. A fire alarm, a run-away horse, or anything exciting, is apt to throw a woman off her guard. This fact may have helped Joe out of his difficulty, though it was not foreseen. He was only driven to speak again by desperation, not by hope.

"What will I do if you do not love me?" he at last said, with desperate emphasis.

"You have not tried my philometer, as you call it, yet," quietly responded Carrie, slightly abashed at her own words, yet yielding. Unconsciously, as she spoke, she drew her hand across her bosom. Joe thought she meant to indicate the location of that wonderful instrument. We will not dare to say whether he did or did not act on the suggestion; only this, that Joe exclaimed: "There, now! Isn't it far above the freezing point?"

"Oh, yes! Please!" said Carrie, as she drew her breath, "but you knew it before."

That was a short drive home. The road was not hard to find. Carrie told Joe Aunt Peggy's story about the pin-cushion.

"I always thought," said Joe, "that Aunt Peggy was either a witch or a prophetess."

"And Essie's letter, too," said Carrie. "'It will be a sweet surprise.' Yes, it *is*; though we both must have known it before."

When they reached Fair Forest it was almost dark. Tom Brownlee and Essie stood at the gate. There was a happy greeting. Joe, however, looked deprecatingly on the prod-

igal waste of enthusiasm and emotion, as Carrie and Essie "writhed in each others arms," as he said, in their vain attempt to tell the joy of meeting. Nevertheless, in spite of his words, his mind had slightly changed in that respect since morning. For a few minutes, after greetings were over, there was a strange uneasiness in the Barrington circle. It was hard for any one to give a good reason for being there. It was "brother Joe" who first approached the subject, by saying:

"I thought, Essie, that my dispatch would bring you home."

"But," said Essie, "what did you mean was to happen soon?"

"I did not know," laughed Joe, "what might happen, soon, if you did not come home."

"And what did you mean," asked Carrie, by the "sweet surprise?"

"I did not know what surprise might await us, if I did not come home." Then she added, turning to her mother, "Hadn't those pins better be taken out of that cushion?"

Tom Brownlee laughed, and so did they all. But how did they all know? There were various new arrangements of pins proposed during the evening. But Mrs. Barrington insisted that she could not spoil her handiwork, just to suit the whim of two children. As the evening wore away, there was a perfect understanding of all misleading circumstances. Carrie and Joe, however, would not believe that the "velvety thing, all stuck around with pins, so as to spell *Carrie and Joe*," was anything more than an invention of Aunt Peggy's imagination, until it was produced, when they blushingly acknowledged that there was more truth than fiction in "Aunt Peggy's Pin Cushion."

## Voices.

CLASSES, when they leave their *Alma Mater*, have a just pride in leaving behind them something that may fitly continue their memory. Various questions are to be settled about utility and beauty, that almost make the decision what a class shall give impossible. Every class has gone through this period, and the question is asked again, Shall '83 give a memorial? This question has been answered many times, and all of these answers gravitate toward giving something that will be useful. The Class of '81 gave one that can hardly be considered either ornamental or useful, and '82 showed shrewder wisdom by not giving any, when nothing agreeable could be decided upon. Better let the custom die, than pile the campus with useless bronze (?) and stone. If it is the wish of the Class, let the money thus expended be placed in something that will be useful—say a prize, or in a memorial fund. If the present classes in College would tacitly agree to lend their undivided aid, a very respectable memorial fund could be raised. In this manner something can be accomplished which will in every way be worthy of the College. It will remain for the present Senior Class to take the initiative in this measure. If the scheme of a memorial fund is found impracticable, then one of a similar nature may be determined on, in the way of founding a Class prize. As precedents, the Classes of '59, '60, '61, all founded prizes, and their practical usefulness today is the best remembrance of that period in the history of the College, as showing a helpful and eminently practical spirit. At present there hardly seems to be a better plan than to follow their example.

Let '83 then decide, either for or against a memorial, remembering that one that is practical and useful is the best of all; and that one that is useless and ugly is worse than none.

SHALL we have an Art School in Princeton? is a question which has, for several years, pressed itself on the friends of the College. None present at the last "Library Meeting" could fail to be interested in Mr. Townsend's well-directed and finely written paper, and, through it, in the question of Fine Arts in Princeton.

The interest among the students has been shown by the large number in Prof. Marquand's elective class—forty-five in all. In itself, this is anything but a small beginning. Dr. W. C. Prime has presented the College with his collection of pottery and porcelain—valued at fifty thousand dollars—which is without a rival in America, and ranked among the finest in the world. All he asks is that a fire-proof building be erected for its protection. As soon as this can be procured, we are to have the collection.

But this is not all. At the special request of Dr. McCosh, the donor has consented to "be a director, and to lecture in the institution." Those who are acquainted with the gentleman, and have had a chance to know his power, will feel that even the gift of his fine collection will be a small thing compared to having Dr. Prime himself among us. At the last meeting of the Board of Trustees, on the 9th inst., the matter was brought up and fully discussed. It was impossible, at once, to settle on the *modus operandi*; but the following gentlemen were appointed as a Committee of Ways and Means: Dr. W. C. Prime, General McClellan, Henry Marquand, Rev. Mr. Dodd, of Hoboken, and Hon. John H. Stuart. The President will call a meeting of the committee in New York this week. The precise manner of procedure will then be definitely settled.

The Art School is not yet "realized," but is certainly in a promising condition. All we wait for is a building. If the future can be at all judged of by the past, we will not have to wait long.

THERE is much to be considered in establishing an Art School, and many reasons for it. The times demand it. For the last half century art, especially painting and pottery, has been on a steady growth in this country; and now no school can profess to be an institution of broad culture without a suitable course in æsthetics. There is not a more natural body of young men in the country than is to be found in Princeton. We are peculiarly free from the over-civilized snobbishness, which grovels at the feet of wealth, and is fatal to all true artistic spirit. We are, perhaps, too crude, and have too great a tendency to rule and dogma. We have always been known as an excessively practical college. A fine art collection, series of art lectures, and young artists among us, would go far toward broadening our ideas and giving us a more pliant temperament. We have never been especially known as a literary college. Art and Literature are twin sisters; and the one fosters the other. If the Art School is established, it should be as separate from all other departments, as the Scientific School is from the Academic. No branch of it should be convertible with any branch of another department. For instance, no student should elect some kind of painting, instead of Physics, or Psychology, as is done in some colleges with enervating effect.

As we are going to have an American School of Philosophy, so we want an American School of Art. We want to stop the slavish copying of "Old Masters." As we study the philosophy of Aristotle, to increase our philosophic perceptivity; the Classics, to increase our literary perceptivity; so we want to use the Old Masters, to cultivate our æsthetic natures. We do not want them to absorb all our originality and native genius, leaving us mere copyists. From this school the College would yearly send out men of cultivated taste, and do its part to refute the statement so often made in Europe, that Americans are unable to tell good pictures.

AS IT IS about the time when the J. O.'s of '83 are to distribute among themselves certain \$100 and \$50 prizes; and, also when, amid shouts and tumult, the non-oratorical members of the same class are to get off an oration as best they may, it might be well to express the opinions of a select few in regard to this subject. In 82's LIT. there was a voice expressing wonder at the manner of distribution of the Chapel Stage prizes. The prizes do not, as they were intended to do, improve at large the speaking of Chapel Stage. By far the great majority in the class consider them beyond their reach. Thus the chief end obtained in giving them is to make this duty disliked so much the more by the majority of the class, as they are forced into a contest in which they feel sure of defeat. This manner of distribution has not been changed, so we may expect the same results this year as were last, viz., a great harvest for J. O.'s. Nothing was accomplished by the appeal last year. We now expect the same, so far as the Class of '83 is concerned. It is to be hoped, though, that before '84 assumes the task, a more just and pleasing distribution of honors may be made.

A word in regard to Chapel Stage itself. We are told that this exercise is for our improvement in public speaking. Whether or not it accomplishes that result is questionable. However this may be, speak we must. Then let the speeches be as good as possible. Each year we recognize an old stager in uniform. If the old stagers must put in an appearance, try, anyhow, to relieve them of this monotony. Let the subjects this year be more interesting, more practical, and more worthy of speaker and hearer.

A WRITER in a recent *Princetonian* reaches the conclusion: "If you want to have fun in life, never be a poller." The incident upon which he pretends to base the conclusion is, of course, ridiculous, and were it not that the idea is too often heard among college students, it would not be worthy of notice. No one can appreciate the real pleasures of loafing more than the writer. We have never looked on the question of the *Nassau Herald* committee as simply a joke, nor have we confounded loafing with laziness, though many loafers are lazy. On the contrary, we can recognize the fact of a real loafing genius. The loafer, as we understand him, at his best, is one who deliberately polls no more than is required barely to pass, devoting his extra time to general reading, athletics, and other "non-grade-producing" features of college life. He is, often, a whole-souled college man, genial, and ever ready to sacrifice study to sport. But, is he the ideal college man? In other words, does polling pay, and can there be no fun for the man who polls? True, too many pollers get far too little fun out of life; but is not the same true of many loafers? Polling is not destructive of enjoyment, as some would have us believe. One of the best players in last year's foot-ball team stood third in his class, and one of the nine stood fourth. We can name pollers who can dance as well as the ideal "Jack-a-loafer," can keep up as fine a conversation, crack as good jokes, and, in a word, enjoy social life as well as the best. Let us, then, have less sentimental talk about polling being antagonistic to enjoying life. Praise the loafer, if you can find anything in him to praise, but don't do it by casting unjust slurs on the man who tries to enjoy the intellectual, as well as the social advantages of Princeton.

A BOUT a fortnight ago, when the fire occurred near Prof. Young's house, all were glad to see that the wind, which had been blowing from the southeast for a week, had changed to northwest, and so was blowing from the house instead of towards it. This change might be called providential. If it be such, we may well profit by the lesson. There are in that situation two valuable college buildings. Attached to one is the Observatory, which, with its contents, is valued at about \$25,000. In case of a serious fire—which certainly would have taken place had the wind been blowing the opposite direction the other night—there would be but little chance of saving these buildings. The only cistern near the place is a small one by Prof. Young's house. The supply of water afforded by this, in such an emergency, would amount to but little. There is no other cistern nearer than Dickinson Hall.

Another reason why the danger is so great, is that these houses are made of wood. If once a fire got started, it would take far more than the Princeton Fire Company, with almost no water, to check it. This matter, then, should be attended to. If it be impossible to have a sufficient water supply, then there ought to be placed in each building several fire-extinguishers. To leave valuable property wholly unguarded in case of fire, is by no means safe or prudent.

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FEW slight mishaps are more provoking than a rent or a scratch from the miserable barbed-wire fences with which the Superintendent of Grounds has fortified portions of the College campus. Wherever a "short cut" is made across the grounds, or a portion of them is to be sowed in grass, it is thought necessary to warn all against further trespass by placing one of these unfriendly concerns across,

or around, or along, or in any other way which suits the purpose of protection. We do not approve of the *noli-me-tangere* spirit that prompts the use of these barbs. No small number of students have already met with accidents of more or less seriousness by coming in contact with this foolish contrivance. In the darkness of night, or hurrying to and from chapel, recitations, &c., it is very easy to walk into the wire fence. If the authorities think that we do not know the purpose for which the fences are erected, and that we can be kept outside the enclosures only by this formidable obstacle, they give us credit for far less common sense than we actually possess. We are neither children nor rowdies, and it may safely be assumed that a simple wooden or plain wire fence would appeal as effectively to the gentlemanly instincts of the students as does the barbed fence to the clothes or flesh of the unsuspecting wayfarer. Of this disagreeable system of pricks we are heartily tired. Will not the Faculty do us the great favor to have the barbed-wire fences removed?

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## Editorials.

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PRESIDENT GILMAN, of Johns Hopkins, upon hearing that our observatory and instruments had been destroyed by fire, immediately sent a dispatch to Prof. Young, kindly offering him the use of the University astronomical apparatus for observing the transit of Venus. Happily the loss was slight, involving only a small building, the gift of Mr. Green, of Trenton, and designed for taking photographs of the approaching phenomenon. Mr. Green has generously undertaken to replace the building. It will be completed in a few days, so that nothing but unfavor-

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able weather will prevent Prof. Young from obtaining some interesting and valuable data. We desire to express the thanks of the College to President Gilman. We are gratified to see such a tribute paid to Princeton and its honored Professor of Astronomy.

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HOW MUCH is a Princeton diploma worth as an evidence of scholarship? If we mistake not, it is worth almost nothing. The diploma we now get evidences no more scholarship than that possessed by the lowest man in the class. When we consider how little some men can know and yet get a diploma, we cannot wonder that many honormen almost despise the diplomas the trustees offer them as the reward of their scholarship. We have seen diplomas awarded to those whom even the Faculty must have known as totally unfit for the honor, if honor it could be called. Princeton cannot afford to go on in this line. It is making a college diploma so cheap that the world cannot be restrained in its contempt. The diploma, the highest and only certificate of scholarship, which Princeton gives to the student who does not want a fellowship, is almost, if not wholly, worthless. We may well ask, What is to be done? Some persons, with more good intention than good judgment, have earnestly urged the immediate adoption of a very high standard. While we are in favor of a higher standard, we also recognize the fact that it can not come all at once. The Faculty has, probably, been too conservative, but still they have been wise in not adopting, "at one fell swoop," a standard which would be disastrous to the College. It is not, however, necessary to raise the standard to give a worthy certificate to high scholarship. Fix the passing grade as high as practicable, and still there will be an immense difference between the man who gradu-

ates first and the one who comes out with a bare passing grade. Why, then, should they receive exactly the same diploma? During the course, all are in the same class, yet some are designated "honor-men," and why not establish the same principle at the end? Why not fix a grade above which a man graduates "*cum laude*," and gets a diploma that says so? Then Princeton would encourage scholarship by giving it a worthy diploma, and no longer do injustice to the faithful student by dragging him down to the level of the loafer.

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WE CONGRATULATE the College that good counsel prevailed at the fire the other night, and prevented a conflict that seemed for a moment almost certain. It is not often that an outraged band of students can restrain itself and appeal to soberer methods than force. The deliberate drenching of the students the other night was not only unjust, but extremely exasperating. It was evidently done in open disregard of the students' right, and with a "snob's" vulgar contempt for the College. When we consider that the students often give the much-needed help at fires, and are always ready to do what they can, the turning of the hose on them appears in all the worse light. For the sake of the efficiency of the fire department and of the reputation of the College, we call on the town authorities to see that the fire company confine their exertions to putting out fires and not to exciting conflicts between "town and gown."

P.S.—Since writing the above, we have seen a letter from "A Student" in the *Princeton Press*, setting forth the students' grievance in this matter. The note added by the editors of the *Press* shows that our rights will be respected if only presented. It calls on the fire company to make the apology they owe to the students.

THE SECRETARY of the Longfellow Memorial Association has sent to Professor Murray a statement of the plan and object of this Association, with a request that the matter be put before the students of Princeton. The prospectus states that "the Association hopes to raise enough money to secure that part of Mr. Longfellow's ground which lies between the house and the Charles river, there to erect an enduring memorial to Mr. Longfellow, and to keep the spot forever open to the people. It is also intended to provide for the permanent preservation of the house, should it ever pass out of the possession of the family of Mr. Longfellow. In order to accomplish this, or to erect some other public and appropriate memorial near the scene of the poet's life, the Association calls for a national subscription. It asks for contributions of one dollar each, for which a certificate of honorary membership in the Association will be given."

A committee has been appointed by the Senior Class, and similar action on the part of each of the other Classes is desired, in order that the College may be thoroughly canvassed. It can scarcely be necessary to urge the College to show a liberal spirit in this matter, for the object in view must meet approval in the feelings of every student. The sorrow felt at the death of Longfellow showed a hold upon the affection of the world which few Americans have ever gained. The Prince of Wales is chairman of a committee which proposes to erect a memorial to Longfellow in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey. The Longfellow Association in America, with James Russell Lowell at its head, should have the ready support of the countrymen of the poet. At Harvard and some of the other colleges the work has been actively entered upon, and it is hoped at Cambridge that the students will unite to a man in thus honoring their late renowned Professor. Let Princeton show a loyalty not less sincere, for happily his teaching was not limited in place or in time.

A GAIN we hear of an inter-collegiate press association. After the abortive attempt of a few years ago, we supposed the plan had been given up, but the *Amherst Student*, *Columbia Acta*, and a number of other papers, have taken it up with an earnestness that ought to produce something. We have nothing against this particular association, but we fail to see what it can accomplish. Every article favoring it, which we have read, has been full of high ideas, but we have not found anything tangible. Of course, elevating college journalism is a good idea, and we are sure we could enjoy seeing all the race of college editors together over a fine dinner. We would not mind getting a peep at that *Acta* editor who prides himself on having known a LIT. editor, and shaking hands with our friends from Yale and Harvard; but how is all this going to keep the printer's devil supplied with good copy? And what practical advice is the *Acta* or the *Student* going to furnish the *Yale News* or *Harvard Herald* about running a daily newspaper, which they have not already done through their "exchanges?" While we do not condemn the movement, we think some more definite aim will have to be found before it can be a success.

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SEVERAL changes affecting our comfort and rendering more agreeable and profitable our daily routine have, through our persistency, been entertained with fairness and granted to us with grace. The application of a spare hour to the enlargement of the English course, the marked improvement in our chapel services, the fire-escape on Reunion, are instances in which a bold and reasonable expression of student wishes and student common-sense has attained the end in view.

And now we wish to request a privilege for the college editor. It is well understood that his position is no sine-

cure. The writing he does for the college public surpasses, both in quantity and quality, that which he (or the average student) hands in to the Professor of English—in quantity, as a simple arithmetical test will prove; in quality, as may safely be inferred from the purposes which, respectively, move him in the two cases. As editor, he writes voluntarily, and expects several hundred critical readers. As student, he writes for a single reader, whose criticism is tempered with kindness and, it may be, with pity. He writes as a task, or, possibly, *he doesn't write at all*. Again, in the capacity of editor, his literary judgment is constantly practiced in estimating the merits of the writing of others. Plainly, then, and reasonably, our request is that all our college editors be excused from writing the essays required in the regular course. Leave of absence for eight days each term is granted to the base-ball and football teams. We maintain that the reputation of Princeton abroad depends no less upon her merits in journalism than upon her success in athletic contests. Then, why foster the one interest with abundant privileges and leave the other to shift for itself? Give the college papers encouragement. Offer inducements which will make the best men try for editorships; and dignify the position by mentioning the editors in the "honor-list" in the annual catalogue. The papers at Harvard, Yale, U. of Pa., and other colleges, have made similar petitions. We hope our own Faculty will consider the matter at an early day.

## Olla-Podrida.

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"I have found a very strange, new, and important discovery: that the publick good of mankind is performed by two ways—instruction and diversion."—SWIFT. *Tale of a Tub. Section 5.*

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Oct. 19.—Second Library meeting of the year. Paper by Mr. Townsend, '78.....Miss Potter in town.

Oct. 21.—Yale *vs.* Princeton, at lacrosse, in Princeton. Score—2 goals to 1, in favor of Princeton.....Bassetts in town.....Stenton Games. Princeton men took six first and six second prizes.

Oct. 28.—U. of Pa. *vs.* Princeton, at foot ball. Score—9 goals, 3 touch-downs to nothing, in favor of Princeton ....On same day, Yale and Rutgers played, when score was 5 goals to 1 touch-down, in favor of Yale. ....Lacrosse tournament in New York city. Our team was short two men, and so did not show very well.

Oct. 30.—Class '84 *vs.* *Princetonian*. Score—73 to nothing, in favor of '84.....It may be apropos to state that, in Berkeley College, Cal., the Class of '85 publishes a paper for themselves.

Oct. 31.—Cane spree.....Adams solicitous for Woodend's welfare.

Nov. 2.—Pach elected '83's photographer.

Nov. 4.—Fire at Prof. Young's. The temporary building for photographic work, on the transit of Venus, was burned. Loss probably not over \$500.

Nov. 6.—Camilla Urso in town. The entertainment was undoubtedly the best given here for a number of years.

Nov. 7.—Election day. Cuts by '85 and '86. It is strange, that, on two day's, which are legal holidays, the College takes no holiday. We are kept at work all day, both on Decoration Day and election day. ....Exhibition game of foot ball, on Polo grounds, between Columbia and Princeton. Score—8 goals, 3 touch-downs to nothing, in favor of Princeton.....Yale men cannot vote in New Haven, unless they are Democrats.

Nov. 11.—First Annual meeting of Y. M. C. A., of Colleges of N. J., in Murray Hall.....Foot ball game with U. of Pa. Score—10 goals, 4 touch-downs to nothing, in favor of Princeton.....'86 *vs.* Lawrenceville, at foot ball. Score—Princeton, 2 goals, 2 touch-downs; Lawrenceville, 3 touch-downs.

Scene: Phys. Geog. Class Room. (Mr. B., entering noisily, and Class look around). Prof. Libby—"Don't bother with *that*, gentlemen. It's of no importance."

Bible recitation: Dr. McC.: "Mr. A., what was the object of building the Tower of Babel?" Mr. A.—"To get out of the way of the flood." A little later, in the same recitation, the following occurred: Dr. McC.: "Mr. Mac., what possessions had Abraham?" Mr. Mac.—"Cattle." Dr. McC.: "M-m?" Mr. Mac.—"Flocks, herds." Dr. McC.: "M-m-m! He had a burial place."

Prof. in Phys. Geography: "Mr. H., what other substances do these thermal springs contain?" Mr. H.—"Minerals." Prof.: "Very well, please mention some." Mr. H.—"Sulphur, iron and *fish*."

Wm. A. Fisher, '55, Judge Supreme Court at Baltimore.

Manierre, '81, and Shoemaker, late of '83, in town lately.

"Hannah" Small, '81, Ingham, '81, "Judge" Taylor, '82, and Shober, '82, were seen at the U. of Pa. games November 11th. Bradford, '80, played with the U. of Pa.

#### EAU MIGN.

There was a young girl from Bordeaux,  
With corns on her little pink teaux;  
They gave her such pain  
The tears ran like rain  
Down the bridge of her elegant neaux.—*Cornell Era*.

"Say, sis, does that beau of yours know the difference between beer and milk?" asked a youngster of his elder sister, a few days ago. "Of course he does. Why?" she said. "Oh, nothin', only the other day, when I was over to Kohr's, he asked the man for milk an' he got beer an' never said nothin'."—*Ex.*

The *Acta Columbia* says it's impossible to get an idea through a NASSAU LIT. editor's head. That may be. For instance, we never could get the idea through our head that Columbia merited admission to the Foot Ball Association, or what satisfaction she got from coming out last every time. But, leaving that aside, we think it unfair in the *Acta* to make that assertion until it has given us a trial. Dear *Acta*, just try us with an idea for a change, and see if we can't take it in.

They're having unusually happy times at Bowdoin College. Court has awarded the hazed Freshman \$2,700 damages, which, in case the appeal now pending is decided against them, the seven Sophs. will have to pay between them. The Bowdoin *Orient* laments the quiet times there, and says "the Freshmen have not even been watered." It suggests, as a theme for an essay: "What shall we do with our beardless tutors?"

John Jones, while out walking with Hannah,  
 Slipped and fell on a frozen banana,  
     And she came down kerslap,  
     Right square on his lap,  
 In an awkward, embarrassing manner.  
 But yet, though she ruined her pannier,  
 Hannah seemed rather pleased with the manner,  
     For after a while  
     She said, with a smile,  
 "John, let's find another banana."—*Ex.*

The Lafayette Sophs. and Freshmen have had a banquet, which was a sort of love-feast, with vows of eternal friendship, &c., &c., mixed in with speeches of Sophs., Freshmen, and members of the Faculty.

Each College in the College F. B. Association contributes \$15.00 yearly, to provide a banner, as an emblem of the championship. Columbia must feel proud to *ante* up so nobly.

The *Lasell Leaves* has an article on "How to Get Husbands." A little later, it chronicles the fact that twelve Lasell girls were married off in four months. Looks as if they had that part of their studies down fine. By the way, a young ladies' foot ball club there. Why don't our team challenge them. In the case of a game, we prophesy the best tackling of the season on our side, and more "touch-down's for safety," on their part, than by any team in the country.

At the Bordentown Female College, the other day, a rap was heard at one of the doors, upon opening which, a seedy-looking tramp was brought to view. "Is this the College?" "Yes; what would you like?" "Have the students any old pants they would like to dispose of?" The interview was abruptly terminated by a speedy closing of the door. Fact.—*Ex.*

'83, if not a very brilliant class, are at least polite. Not a man has yet been known to differ from the President in his ideas on any Psychological subject.—*Yale Record*. The same is the case here. In fact, '83 has not a man who dares be called "a sceptic."

Williams College claims that one of their men has thrown the hammer 93 feet. The College record is 87 feet 3½ inches.

At Harvard they have dismissed their trainer, and O. W. Holmes has resigned his professorship in the Medical School. Their co-operative society has 700 members, and the costs of membership is \$2 per year. Stationery, books, fuel, furniture, stylographs, &c., are bought at wholesale prices, and sold at an advance of 5 per cent., and the purchases save the members from 30 to 60 per cent. on each article bought. Why could we not have such a society here? It would break up "W. & K., 3 N. E."—but then!!

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One of the speakers at the Y. M. C. A. meetings, in reading a telegram from the Yale delegates, said: "That's right; gather the Yale men in." The tone of the remark, and the enjoyment it created, was immense.

Up to November 11th our F. B. team had made 36 goals and 21 touch-downs in 5 games.

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## College Gossip.

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THIS month the Gossip has three things to pity—Arabi Pacha, the Republican bosses, and the Columbia foot ball team. Arabi, because he's become meat for the British lion; the Republicans, because they've been *benefited* by the Democrats, and the Columbia team, because it is, and always will be, fed on by the Princeton Tiger. We never before knew exactly what Columbia's vocation in life was. It is singular it did not occur to us that the important duty of regaling the colleges (who *play* foot ball) with an encouraging game, devolved on Columbia, and that the reason why Columbia was ever admitted to the Inter-Collegiate Association was, that she might have the chance of winning, in her unrivalled manner, the last place, and save any of the rest from the disgrace of being forced to accept it. In the judgment of the Gossip, then, Columbia is but an unnecessary luxury which, as this utilitarian age advances, is bound to be dispensed with. Columbia's brilliant imagination persuades that she plays a very important part in the world of colleges. For this self-deception she elicits our most hearty commiseration. Evidently something is wrong within her. Perhaps she is down-trodden by bossism. The split lacrosse and foot ball has resulted in the utter external defeat of both, yet her pretensions remain undiminished. Lacrosse is about to come back to life, and foot ball is still practiced by a team. The number of meetings and exhortations to support and boom foot ball exceed the wildest ideas of anyone who is not afflicted with having to read Columbia papers. O! how tired we grow of stumbling on some new phase of the boating question, on some insulting personal, or some sermon on the duties of a college man to a dying foot ball team. We hope, we desire—nay, we almost prophesy, that these harangues will soon be silenced by a seasonable exclusion from the Inter-Collegiate

Association. No longer, then, will Columbia find an incentive to work for a last place. Columbia, your ball has been snapped back, and your record has lifted its foot to drop-kick it forever beyond the goal-post of the Association. In reference to the non-professional craze which has taken hold of some of the colleges, a Columbia paper innocently remarks that their Faculty does not seem to think that professionalism is cropping out "at Columbia, inasmuch as they have hired a professional athlete to officiate in their newly-hired gymnasium. The *Acta* will hardly find anybody to dispute this point with her. Nobody would ever think of accusing Columbia athletics of professionalism, or of the perfection which attends it.

It is not for us here to attempt to account either for the "culchau" of Harvard, or the bravado of Yale, or for the insignificance of Columbia; but when insignificance is coupled with real muckerism, it is more than we have a right to expect from such as Columbia, subject, as she professes to be, to the refining influences of the city. Yet such is to be found stamped on a notice which appeared in the last number of one of her prominent journals. It found itself called upon to "dispel any wrong impressions" in the public mind as to why a certain gentleman left Columbia and came to Princeton. Of the many students who have done this thing, this one is the first whose motives it has been seen fit to announce. The change of college, we are given to understand, was made in order to escape dropping, and not made out of preference. "Princeton," says the paper, "is fast becoming an asylum for conditioned Columbia men." The editors of this paper, we presume, know nothing of the circumstances under which the gentleman in question gained entrance to Princeton. To say the least, it was, to the last degree, ungentlemanly and uncalled for, to have indulged in such a personal, and can be taken only as an expression of annoyance that so many men in the last few years have *preferred* to spend their College days at Princeton rather than at Columbia. We must apologize to our readers for taking such an extensive liberty in dealing so fully with a thing which, in itself, is obviously below the notice of Princeton; but, taking into account the prominent character in which Columbia poses, and which, to a large extent, is accorded to her, we feel it to be necessary not to let this insult go unrebuted.

The hard duties of editorship melt delightfully into a pleasure when we come to tell what is doing at Vassar. O! how we wish the "Miss" came every day. As it is, but once a month we have the means of hearing from that College around which so much interest hovers. How charming if Vassar would start a daily. We feel justified in saying that it would financially meet with success from Vassar's brother colleges. With what it would be filled is uncertain, and we are

unwilling to speculate. So far, nothing very much has been done at Vassar, except that one morning, at five o'clock, the college bell was rung to allow the students to see the comet. That's all Vassar has done, while Lasell has been as busy as she can be. They've been out on a nice excursion on the river, and they've been up to the top of Bunker Hill monument, and they've been to Martha's Vineyard, and oh, my! they've had such a nice time! Lots of them are getting married all the time. The *Leaves* talks of nothing else but matrimony, and how to get into it. Lasell can beat Vassar a long way at this game. Vassar, we imagine, would like to be proficient, but they are too intellectual and study too much, while Lasell has plenty of time to cultivate acquaintances of the right sort, so that everything is ready at graduation. The Vassar Faculty have not arranged enough excursions. That's the secret of Lasell success. We suggest excursions to all the leading male Colleges of the east (the west has co-ed. and graduates in pairs), beginning at Princeton. This would make the eastern plan far superior to the western system—greater choice.

Precisely what Senior bowing in Chapel at Yale may be, it is not well done. The Seniors bow and study at the same time; nor do they all bow together. In short, it is the source of great amusement to strangers who sit in the gallery.

Yale students also suffer from a misplacement of the books in the library. We are nearly as badly off as Yale in this respect, for our alcoves are enveloped in the well-known "mystery," which is permanent, while Yale's is only temporary, and produced by ignorant Freshmen.

The new Observatory buildings at Yale are a great addition to that branch of science. They not only meet all the requirements for work, but are fitted up with a view to comfort and to beauty, inside as well as out. They will be visited by the three German astronomers, whose headquarters for observing the transit of Venus are to be on Capitol Hill, at Hartford.

As to foot ball, Yale, of course, thinks her chances good, but seems to regret both a lack of enthusiasm in the College, and the intensity of it which exists in her rival.

For over a week the *News* has been praising the strong points of Princeton, until we came to suspect a method in this madness. One day they have heard that Princeton has the finest foot ball team she ever had between the goal posts, and that we have been trying to hood-wink them. Of course, this is all news in Jersey, but Yale can-not see how we could have a good team and not "blow" about it. It isn't Yale's way, and hence Princeton must have been up to some trick. Next, they hear from the Princeton-Columbia game, and then

they are *sure* there is a trick. "Yale-brace" is the tocsin cry that rings aloud through the Yale campus. Now Yale has settled down to the systematic praising of our foot ball team. Is it to soften a defeat they expect, or to make us over-confident? Of course, we would not say, but it looks suspicious when a rival praises. We hope it means our success.

A new paper, called the *Oxford Rambler*, appeared last month, at Oxford, Eng. From the severe criticism given it by the *Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduates' Journal*, we are able to gather that it is on the *Tiger* order—without any cuts. Since the two large English Universities have never before had but one paper—the *Journal*—between them, the *Rambler* was the cause of a good deal of talk at Oxford before it came out. Since, it has not been the source of much interest. Leaving Oxford, after noticing a few handsome additions to the buildings, we find, at Queen's College, Canada, the interest is divided between the Egyptian victory and a game of foot ball between the Faculties of the Art and Medical Schools.

Latest dispatches to the Gossip announce great disturbances at Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y. It is all attributable to the widespread agitation among Faculties over professional athletics. Hobart's Faculty seem to take a lively and personal interest in athletics, to the extent of constituting themselves judges of base ball etiquette. It was found that the Hobart Freshmen had clandestinely obtained a professional catcher to play on their nine against the Freshmen of Cornell. How mad Cornell got when this trick was discovered our dispatches do not say, probably because the wrath of Cornell was slight in comparison with the flashing rage of Hobart's own Faculty. These athletic professors demanded at once an apology from their own Freshmen to those of Cornell. The whole College immediately felt that the professors had transcended the bounds of propriety, and at once betook themselves to serenade the Faculty meeting with all manner of horns and wind instruments wherewith it is the custom of men to make a racket. The maddened heroes of the Faculty rushed out to quell the disturbance. But here came the time when their athletic knowledge was put practically to the test, and was found insufficient to keep the Sophomores from simply paralyzing them. "Two Sophs. caught and shipped. Other students appeal to Trustees. Faculty is at present engaged in threatening Trustees with resigning if Sophs. are taken back." So run the telegrams which are constantly coming in to us. Final result and climax, please see our next.

## Exchanges.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them."—*Macbeth, Act I, Scene III.*

THE great political tidal wave has swept by, and some feel gay and some don't. Prominent among the former class is the "buxom widow" in Mass. The *Herald* ventures to assert that "Harvard winces" at the thought of dubbing Benjamin LL.D. next commencement. But as this genial gentleman can accommodate himself to all sorts of platforms and programmes, the literary air of Cambridge will not render the General *hors de combat*, but no doubt he will accept this classic feather for his cap, although he "has expressed a desire to hang all Harvard Professors." However, as to speculating on the political situation, it is well to turn that over to the profounder experience of newspaper quills.

The expected sails of the *Argonaut* hove in sight the other day. In the number before us it seems to be under full way, and in its trial trip the first year we wish it fair weather and favoring breezes. The first four pages of the paper contain articles which somewhat resemble the editorial columns of the *Record*. In view of this, the columns headed editorial might be discarded, and something else substituted for them, or, if retained, this department would gain in merit by making the editorials more numerous and pointed. In this issue we have the Constitution adopted by the Argonaut Association. The author of the "University System" presents his thoughts in a readable and forcible form. While the type and the paper might be improved, we have no serious objection to make, but wish our new contemporary success.

The October number of the *Yale Lit.* is up to its usual high standard. The leading article of this issue, "The Imagination," deserves its place. The style is live, sprightly, and eminently suited for College readers. There is a certain practicality about it rarely found in articles in a literary magazine. This is seen in the following sentence: "But it is also true that there is much, very much, in College life that is high and noble; and the imagination would, by no means, have a complete world to construct for itself. Under the surface that seems gay and thoughtless, there is often earnestness, resolute purpose. Many a life-story here, if it were told, would teach us that the age of heroes is not yet past." The lines entitled "Baffled," and those cele-

brating "The Pipe" read smoothly, and evince some poetic skill. While poems of any considerable length are out of place in a college journal, verses like the above cannot but relieve the monotony of other heavier articles. "The Personality of Authors" proves to be a favorite subject with college writers at present. The rather novel way in which the author embodies his ideas in the dialogue of the "Critic" and the "Bookworm" gives it an increased interest to the reader. These sage persons are, no doubt, quite as wise as "Keno," or even "T. Carlyle Smith" himself. The author's diction, however, surpasses that of his worthy contemporaries, and the writer can claim praise more for his language and expression than for any originality in the thought which he has presented. The current events of present interest are discussed in a vigorous style in "Notabilia," while the "Portfolio" is brimful of fine specimens of short sketch writing. This style is peculiarly fitted for those who desire to gain an easy and flowing mode of expression. The "Book Notices" of the *Lit.*, while excellent in their conception and execution, perhaps transgress the limits of space which should be assigned to such literary writing. While they are of eminent benefit to the editor of the department, yet they are of but slight practical value or interest to a majority of readers.

## MY NEIGHBOR.

"There's the loveliest girl  
Whom I see every day,  
You'd adore at first sight,  
I will venture to say.  
Who she is, where she lives,  
I can never betray,  
But will call her,—the girl  
Who lives over the way."  
\* \* \* \* \*

"On her pathway in life,  
If the sunniest ray  
That kind fortune can give  
Should abide, 't would repay  
But in part what for us  
She has done, and, I pray,  
Still will do,—this fair girl  
Who lives over the way."—*Crimson.*

There seems to be a small war cloud on the horizon of the colleges composing the B. B. League. The *Dartmouth* is bristling about it, and the Amherst *Student* is backed by its worthy friend among the granite hills of New Hampshire. And what is all this commotion about? It all arises from the fact that Harvard has suggested the idea of "bouncing out" their respective nines from the league. Yea, verily, this sorely troubleth our brethren of the ball and bat, and we don't wonder

that the *Dartmouth* turned *green* at the prospect of this untoward catastrophe. We greatly fear that you have cause for anxiety about this too awfully wicked scheme of your more powerful brother. We would suggest that the *Dartmouth* had better argue its own cause, and not attempt to advocate the claims of Amherst, for it has been dangerously near "the ragged edge" for quite a time. When we first glanced at the contribution "My Fire," we expected something rare and unique, supposing that it would relate how some daring spirit in '86 had conceived and executed the bold design of kindling a regular "Fresh fire." Now, we don't intend to say that there was a single thought in any Dartmouth man's mind about "Fresh fire around the cannon" when he began to write the article, but this was the thought it suggested to us when we read the heading. The editorials in the last number form the strongest part of the paper, and show a lively appreciation and interest in matters that agitate the college world. The copious "Memoranda Alumnorum" show that the undergraduates are interested in those who have gone out into the "wide, wide world" to win honor for themselves and their *alma mater*.

The *Brunonian* adds its voice to the plan of forming a College Press Association. Other exchanges advocate the plan, and it seems to be feasible. If the position of editor of a college paper would grant some immunity from a part of the literary course required in our colleges, the other plan of bringing about the association might follow more speedily. The *Brunonian* is enthusiastic over such a proposition, as will be seen from the following clipping from an editorial in the last issue: "That college editors might derive great benefit from mutually associating themselves together, and laboring mutually for the elevation and the advancement of its interests, there can be no doubt, while the closer acquaintance which might thus be cultivated between those performing the same work in different colleges would be one of the pleasantest possible features of a college course." The plan seems to be a reasonable one, but the practical workings of such a scheme might not be nearly so fair as it looks upon paper. While we are always ready for the adoption of any method which will raise the tone and character of college journalism, we can hardly see how the proposed association can work any great reforms. Should it prove successful, we will be glad to give those that have originated the movement just praise for their zealous efforts on its behalf. We are glad to welcome the *Brunonian* as a visitor to our table, and recognize in it a paper that is among the foremost in its opinions.